"I AM TIRED OF THE TENDERLOIN. THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

TEN years ago, in the little town of Riverton, N. J., upon the banks of the Delaware River, lived a beautiful, laughing girl of fourteen. Her name was Florence Richardson.

Her parents idolized her, and she was the sunshine of her home.

Her beauty was so rare, and her talents so marked, that friends advised a higher grade of education than could be obtained in the quiet Jersey town in which she lived. Her mother turned instinctively to the seclusion and safety of a convent home, and St. Joseph's, of Philadelphia, was her choice.

For two years the girl made great progress, and advanced rapidly in her studies.

Then suddenly she took the management of her young life into her own undisciplined hands, and one day this letter reached her mother:

"Good-by. I have left St. Jo to go on the stage. Don't fret. You shall yet be proud of me. Forgive your

"FLORENCE."

A careless letter, written in the vanity and pride of a foolish girl's heart. It did its fatal work, for the mother has since become broken hearted, and tears and sorrow have swept all the happiness from the little home.

Six years ago Florence Richardson was first seen in the "Tenderloin."

Three weeks ago she tried to kill herself. A woman friend saved her. A few days ago she tried it again.

A cabman brought her, unconscious, to the West Thirtieth street police station, and Sergeant Daly sent her to the New York Hospital. Her first words when she came to herself were:

"I didn't mean to do it," a wail of shame and regret.

Haggard, worn and ill in the refuge at Fifty-third street she tells her own story, which carries its own moral. It is a terrible warning to other girls who are tempted to leave home for the false allurements of the Tenderloin.

FLORENCE RICHARDSON.
(Photograph by Lowy, Vienna.)

Mr. and Mrs. Booth-Tucker to the Journal:

OUR hearts go out in sympathy and desire to help those whose condition and sorrow are but too familiar to us, the downtrodden flowers of our social life.

More than a thousand such pass through our homes in the United States every year.

Allow us to extend a hearty God bless you and a helping hand to every one such who wishes to forsake the life that means such misery to themselves. There is an open door and hearty welcome for all.

Frederick & Emma Booth-Tucker

Why "Home Sweet Home" Is Preferable to the Tenderloin.

BY FLORENCE RICHARDSON.

THE DOWNWARD PATH OF THE TENDERLOIN WITH ITS PROFOUND MORAL.

FROM the time I left the convent my life has been a misery.

I tell my tragic story that it may prove a warning and an aid to other girls. I have nothing to lose by telling the history of my life in the "Tenderloin" and perhaps my bitter experience may cause some hopeless, misguided woman to renounce her evil ways.

It is hard to remember just why I ran away from the convent. I was so happy there, and my vacations were all spent at home, where I had every reasonable wish gratified. Our house was on the river bank, with big trees in front, and I often used to watch the old captains hauling in their shad nets.

It all comes back to me now, but then I was careless and young.

I wanted to be famous. I thought I could become a great actress, wear beautiful gowns and have hosts of lovers.

So one day I ran away from my peaceful convent home.

My first appearance was in a comic opera in Philadelphia, but I had not voice enough to be very successful. After that I took a leading part in a second-rate company of "The Two Orphans."

While with this organization I met the only man I have ever loved, and after three days' acquaintance we married and went to Europe on our honeymoon. This was a long period of happiness, of peace of mind, of joy at being his wife. We were gone nearly a year.

After our return we lived in New York in a beautiful home on Sixty-third street.

For a time all went well. We loved and we were happy. He had led a fast life before he met me. The recollections of the Tenderloin clung to him and he took me there.

I thought it must be lovely to be so gay, and soon I was infatuated by the tinsel and flash, knowing nothing of the sordidness and evil underneath. Then it was that I took my first glass of wine. I shall never forget it. It made the world so bright; it dissipated all sad thoughts, and, alas, I kept on taking it more and more.

The man I loved, too late, saw my danger and tried to check it, but no, I was started, and the easy slide on the downward path was begun. Those days I wanted constant excitement. I loved the glitter and morbid fascination of the Tenderloin. I courted admiration and my whole nature underwent a change.

Soon I became obnoxious to my pretty home and its duties, and one day, two years ago, I was deserted.

This calamity sobered me for the moment, and the horror of it all appalled me. For the first time I thought of my mother, and read over again her last letter, which said: "Come home, darling, or my heart must break."

For days these words rang in my ears and sounded above every soulless laugh and foolish jest. Penitent and contrite, I determined to go home, but that very afternoon I met a girl I knew, and the old temptations overcame me.

From that day all thought of reformation left me, and I plunged downward to the bottom of the hill of misfortune, degradation and shame. I took up my home in the Tenderloin, on Thirty-first street. My remorse was unceasing, and to drown it I drank constantly.

Finally one night I tried morphine, and after the first dose was rarely ever free from its effects. It deadened my sensibilities, and my only comfort was to try and forget.

You would be surprised to know how much morphine is used by women of the "Tenderloin," and how easily they can get it. Why, I could buy from at least half a dozen places enough to kill twenty people.

The first dose is usually prescribed by a doctor, who thus eases many a drink-maddened brain, and afterward the woman can get the prescription put up as often as she pleases. One of the saddest sights in that dreadful district is to see young girls falling under the evil infatuation of the morphine habit and to realize how little is done to check its sale. I became so addicted to it and to drink that I was rarely myself.

I think I was almost insane there. I used to sit in cafes, stupefied, until the music, noise and lights were unbearable.

Through it all I could see my mother's face with the heartbreak in it. I hated my life, realizing too late its fearful emptiness, and three weeks ago I made my first attempt to end it. I was sitting upstairs at the Cairo cafe, with three companions, and I had enough morphine in my pocket to kill me. I don't remember when I tried to take it, but I do remember a woman's scream of terror as she knocked it from my hand.

After this I even despaired of taking my life, although so hopeless that death seemed the best way out of the darkness.

One night I wandered into the mission on Thirty-second street. They were singing "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," and it just broke my heart.

Good women there, who once were lost girls of the Tenderloin, spoke to me, and urged me to reform. Yet again the resolve came to break away from the old life, and I promised them to come again the next night.

But my thoughts were too bitter.

I had fallen too low. What hope was there for me!

These feelings drove me to the second and last attempt at suicide.

That day stands out vividly. I arose early, faint and ill. I drank whiskey, and then I took one dose of morphine. I visited the old haunts; I tried to be gay, but the effort was a miserable failure. A passing hand-organ played "Just a Song at Twilight," a song I had loved. I tried another drink here, to deaden its tones. Late in the afternoon I again went to the Cairo cafe, and this time succeeded in taking the deadly drug. I was fortified by drink and so wretched that I could not fear. I have no idea how much I took, but almost at once I felt giddy and ill.

Somehow I managed to get into a cab, and told the driver to take me to Harlem. My desire was to die in the cab. I remember no more until I opened my eyes in the New York Hospital. Ah, the remorse and shame I there experienced!

The kindness and sympathy of those attending me went to my very soul. Right there I determined to go home as soon as I could.

No outsider can fully appreciate the despair of a "Tenderloin" girl who wants to live straight. No decent houses are open to her, but only the evil places she has known so long. It is pitiful and terrible. I was weak and ill, and the future seemed utterly without hope.

Perhaps I should have fallen again, but just then a good little woman whose life is spent in rescuing just such unfortunates as I took me by the hand and brought me home.

Now, when I'm well I'm going home. My mother knows I am coming, and her love is great and wide enough to forgive all. Without doubt it is remorse that leads women of the "Tenderloin" to drink. They are haunted by memories of those whose hearts they have broken, and even in the midst of the gayest scene a familiar strain of music or a passing word will set all the quivering heart strings throbbing with pain. Then we reach out wildly and take the drink and the drug. Every girl in the Tenderloin to-day knows that her certain end is misery unspeakable, but she lacks courage to stop.

There is nothing they fear more than death. They have a dreadful horror of the Potter's Field or the Morgue or being left to the care of strangers. For this reason many of them have their lives insured, so that they may be decently buried.

There is no real pleasure in the life. It is all false and hollow from beginning to end; all deceit and sin.

Let the Tenderloin go, with its rude songs, its misthless laughter, and I wish every poor lost girl there could realize, as I do, that "There's no place like home."

Florence Richardson's Illustrations of the Four Stages of the Downward Path in the Tenderloin.

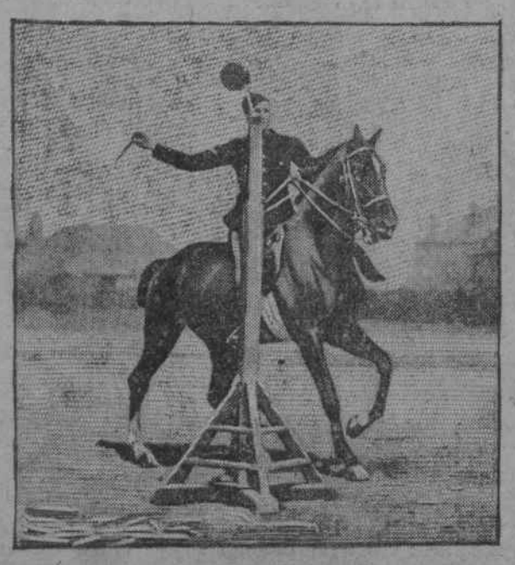
GLAMOUR—The Love of Admiration.

PLEASURE—The Love of Drink.

DESPAIR—The Morphine Needle.

MISERY—The Morgue, Potter's Field or the River

HOW BRITISH CAVALRYMEN LEARN TO SEVER A NECK AT A SINGLE STROKE.



APPROACHING AT FULL GALLOP.

CLEAVING THE HEAD AT ONE BLOW.

THE Fifteenth Hussars of Her Majesty's Cavalry are as near mounted perfection as one could expect to find in all the standing armies of the world. These illustrations show in part how these British rough riders are trained in the art of taking the enemy's head off at full gallop.

The exposures through the camera's eye lasted but the thousandth part of a second and are so clean cut that the picture really looks inactive.

This is not only training for the Hussars, but it makes up a very large proportion of their sport. The rod connecting the bulb with the post is lead, and of sufficient thickness and consistency to represent about the same resistance to the sabre as would the neck of a man. A cavalryman who cannot cleave it at one stroke is not regarded as much of a swordsman, nor is he permitted to call himself a finished horseman and swordsman until he can.

An attack of these fighters is about as hard to resist as an onslaught of artillery. The Fifteenth Hussars occupy the most exalted position among British cavalrymen.